In the South West Territory a Hot and Remote Desert. A new face entered the boundaries. It was like any other place, it is a simple town with simple rules. A cat born into law and preceeded by another like hiself was born. On the new year 25 under the year of the Lord. His mother purred and nurtured the cat. He grew with strength, like a tiger. It was a dificult to be a cat in this time. Men had be acceptant of this nature.

The Cat eventually was accepted into a Spanish Home. The new owner was very tolerant of this kitten.

It was given lectures every day.

It was taught to obey and be useful.

"It is tough to be in this situation Kitten."

"It is not simple to live free now days."

"I will cast a spell of magic on you."

"When the Sun rises and the Darkess consumes I curse you to be a man and apart from your nature, You will wear boots and need gloves forever you will labor."

The young man took a stick and cast a spell on the kitten.

So it happened the Sun was consumed by darkness and the moon did rise.

Magic did begin to work in the eyes of the cat.

"Meeeeough"

"Meeeeeooooow." cried the cat.

Darkness and magic, Pollen and Stones rotated throughout the cat inside on his skin and on the top of his head even his eyes.

"Puss in Boots" Whispered the Faries.

You have many things ahead of you obstacles and paths to journey on.

"it is inside you."

"Vengance for home, Derbe!"

"Be very Carefull."

The Cat fell asleep and the magic was consumed soon after day break.

'What the heck.' Thought his Owner.

He was convinced the cat was smiling and other things had taken place.

There was no time for fooloish Ideas or any nonsense.

There was too much work to do in America.

"Derbe must be mine again and I will do this however I can." Breathed the Cat to hisself carefully.

The End.

Chapter 2

The night came over the small globe.

Wickedness ruled the night and darkness.

Cat's were creatures set aside from men and their worries.

Out side there was a sign

NO WITCHCRAFT OR MAGIC

HUMAN CAMP

It was a test to humans to live without the use of magic and to change their belief.

The church was begining to change the rules of the South wet territory.

The Government had made enough interpretations on social progress and Quarry.

It was a new change, a change for the better.

Dirt road were in use and they streched far beyond the boundaries a man could imagine.

This was not goood for everyone.

Leprechauns, Faries, Angels, and Cursed Idols were being hunted for collection and

Storage.

A 'preservation of items for collection.'

The Cat's name was Leo

It was night time and this message was interpreted by the feline.

The darkness had it's own way of transmitting messages to the inhabitants of the local villages.

'What a strange idea.'

The cat thought to hisself.

'Could it be this young man is using magic?'

'To sell me?'

The transimission cane in clear.

In the coming days.

The House of the King will send out the Battle formation in the Name of the Lord and seek out, any one who uses magic any magic animals, faries or Witches.

Puss in Boots

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Puss in Boots

by Jonathan Olvera

Chapter One

In the Southwest Territory, a hot and remote desert, a new presence entered the boundaries. It was like any other place—a simple town with simple rules. A cat, born into law and preceded by another like himself, came into the world. On New Year’s Day, in the year of our Lord, his mother purred and nurtured him. The kitten grew strong, like a tiger.

It was difficult to be a cat in those times. Men had to be accepting of his nature. Eventually, the cat was taken in by a Spanish household. His new owner was patient and tolerant of the young feline.

The cat was given lessons every day.

He was taught obedience and how to be useful.

“It’s tough to be in this situation, kitten,” said his owner.

“It is not simple to live freely nowadays.

I will cast a spell of magic on you.

When the sun rises and darkness consumes it, I curse you to become a man. Apart from your nature, you will wear boots, need gloves, and labor forever.”

The young man raised a stick and cast the spell on the kitten.

As the sun was consumed by darkness and the moon rose high, the magic began to take effect.

“Meeeeough… Meeeeeooooow,” cried the cat.

Darkness and magic swirled around him. Pollen and stones spun through his body, on his skin, and even in his eyes.

“Puss in Boots,” whispered the fairies.

“You have many challenges ahead—obstacles and paths to journey upon. It is inside you now: vengeance for home, Derbe!

Be very careful.”

The cat fell asleep, and the magic was complete by daybreak.

“What the heck?” thought his owner.

He was convinced the cat had smiled, and strange things had taken place. But there was no time for foolish ideas or nonsense. There was too much work to do in America.

“Derbe must be mine again, and I will achieve it however I can,” the cat vowed to himself.

Chapter 2

Night descended over the small globe. Wickedness ruled the darkness, spreading unease. Cats were creatures set apart from men and their troubles.

Outside, a sign stood:

NO WITCHCRAFT OR MAGIC

HUMAN CAMP

This was a test for humans—to live without magic and to challenge their beliefs. The church had begun to change the rules of the Southwest Territory. The government, too, had offered enough interpretations on social progress and order. It was a new era, a change for the better—or so it was claimed.

Dirt roads stretched far beyond the boundaries of what a man could imagine.

But not everyone benefited from these changes. Leprechauns, fairies, angels, and cursed idols were being hunted, captured, and preserved for “collection.” A grim effort was underway, described as “preservation of magical artifacts.”

The cat’s name was Leo.

It was nighttime, and the feline interpreted these unsettling messages carried by the darkness. The shadows had their own way of communicating with the inhabitants of nearby villages.

“What a strange idea,” the cat thought to himself.

“Could it be that this young man is using magic?

To sell me?”

The transmission became clearer.

In the coming days, the House of the King would send out a battle formation in the name of the Lord. Their mission? To seek out anyone who used magic—magical animals, fairies, witches, and more.